Beaver & Gephart


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*PROFESSIONAL CARDS.*

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A man's fortune should be the rule for his sparing not spending. Extravagance may be supported, not justified, by affluence.

Tears are not manly! Well, the highest type of manhood that ever blessed earth with his presence wept on more than one occasion.

It is a very good thing to mean well, but if you expect to get on in the world you must also do well. Good intentions pay no debts.

A man should always look upward for comforts for when the heaven above our heads is dark, the earth under our feet is sure to be darker.

Activity, like zeal, is only valuable as it is applied, but most people bestow their praises on the quality, and give little heed to the purposes to which it is directed.

Let us think much of rest—the rest which is not of indolence, but of powers in perfect equilibrium; rest which is deep as summer sunshine, the Sabbath of eternity.

It is in the nature of men and things that education, no less than religion, must be personally experienced to be of the largest benefit.

Invest your funds carefully and intelligently. Beware of the brilliant bubbles that are blown up to tempt ingenious speculators.

We esteem in the world those who do not merit our esteem, and neglect persons of true worth; but the world is like the ocean, the pearl is in its depths, the sea-weed swims.

Manhood in the Christian life is a better thing than boyhood, because it is a ripe thing, an old age ought to be a brighter, and a calmer, and a more serene thing than manhood.

The World is a looking glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will turn and look surly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a pleasant, kind, companion.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

Our sight is the most perfect and delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with it, proper enjoyment.

## ABOUT KISSING.

Little child, when twilight shadows,
Close the western gates of gold,
Then those loving arms of mother's
Tenderly about the fold.
Over lip, and cheek, and forehead,
Like a shower caresses fall,
For a mother's kiss at twilight
Is the sweetest kiss of all.

Pretty maiden at the gateway,
Shy, sweet face and downcast eye,
Two white trembling hands imprisoned,
How the golden moment flies!
Lips that softly press thy forehead,
All the rosy blushes call;
For a lover's kiss at twilight
Is the fondest kiss of all.

Happy wife, thy noble husband,
More than half a lover yet—
For those sunny hours of wooing
Are too sweet to soon forget—
On thy smiling lips uplifted,
Full of love his kisses fall,
For a husband's kiss at parting
Is the dearest kiss of all.

Weary mother, little children,
With their dimpled hands so fair,
Passing over cheek and forehead,
Soothe away all pain and care;
Lead your doubting heart to Heaven,
Where no dreary shadows fall,
For the kiss of sinless childhood
Is the purest kiss of all.

## The Wife's Lesson.

Myra was pouting.

The unmistakable expression of ill-temper disfigured her pretty face; and Ernest sighed as he remembered how often it had been there during their brief married experience.

Upon the breakfast table were standing the dishes of a substantial meal, in the disorder that followed their use.

Breakfast was over, but Ernest still kept his seat, toying absently with a teaspoon, while Myra looked at him with the cross look of a thwarted child.

"Then you won't give me the dress!" she said.

"I can't Myra. I really could not do it without running into debt."

"That's just an excuse. Papa always gave me the money for my clothes, even, if he was cross about some other things."

"Your father was a rich man, Myra, when we were married."

"I wish he was rich now. I'd ask him for the money. I never thought you would be so stingy, Ernest."

This last thrust was too much for the long enduring temper.

Ernest Mather's voice was very stern as he answered:

"I am not stingy, Myra. You knew I was a poor man when you married me, and that I could not give you the luxuries of your old home; but I have granted you every indulgence in my power without getting into debt. That I will not do for your sake as well as mine."

He left her then, lingering in the hall as he put on his overcoat, hoping she would come for a kiss and a word of reconciliation.

But she sat tapping her little foot upon the floor until the hall door closed, and then ran to her room crying.

She was a spoiled child, the only daughter of a man who had been very wealthy, but who had hazarded his money in an unfortunate speculation and lost.

A position abroad was offered him and he accepted it.

His house and furniture which he had given his daughter for a wedding gift, were settled upon herself, and not affected by his change of fortune.

He knew Ernest Mather to be an honorable man, who had a good business capacity and a high place in the esteem and confidence of his employers and felt no anxiety about Myra's future.

So the little wife, as she made her pretty blue eyes all red with tears of temper, had no sensible mother to tell her how wrongly she was acting, no sister to sympathize with her, no one to scold or humor her.

Under the circumstances the tears were soon dried and Mrs. Mather went out for a walk.

"It's no harm to look at the dress again, even if I can't buy it," she said, as she tried on a coquettish little bonnet, and otherwise beautified herself for the expedition.

The day was bright, a soft warm morning in early spring, and the shops were filled with tempting finery.

In Myra's dainty portemonnaie there was enough money to purchase a number of nice little parcels, even though the price of the expensive dress was denied her.

So the morning slipped away and luncheon time found her chatting with Julia Maxwell, and quite willing to accompany that friend on a second tour in the afternoon.

It was after five o'clock when the little matron, "tired to death," as she said reached her home.

Her first shock was catching sight of Ernest's maiden aunt, Miss Cordelia Lowry, her especial aversion and dread, seated upon the drawing-room sofa.

"Old horror!" she muttered. "I wish she was at home. I want to make up with Ernest. I don't like the dress half as much as I did yesterday."

The second shock met her upon opening the door of her bedroom.

Open boxes, closets, drawers, an air of general confusion everywhere, and that small trunk Ernest always took upon his short business trips missing altogether.

Clearly her husband had packed up and gone, leaving Aunt Cordelia, as usual, to keep Myra company.

But where was he.

Upon the dressing table was a note directed to herself, and Mrs. Mather tore it open.

No loving address to herself, but merely this:

I have waited for your return as long as possible, and I write this to explain my absence. I told you six months ago of Mr. Agnew's offer to me if I would accept the position of traveler to the house—double my present salary and a liberal commission. I declined it then because you said the money would never compensate you for the constant separation. To-day the offer is renewed. After our conversation this morning I think your only objection will hardly have any weight; so I have accepted and leave in an hour. I will write you every month, inclosing remittances. I leave the accompanying bank-note for the dress you desire. I have sent for Aunt Cordelia, as usual, to stay with you.

ERNEST MATHER.

Not a loving word, not a word of regret for the long separation.

Myra realized then how considerate and loving her husband had been under the weary vexations of her whims and caprices.

Great tears rolled down her cheeks as she bitterly reproached herself.

"I have made him believe I don't care for anything but money," she thought. He leaves me this to console me for his absence. Oh, Ernest, come home again and I'll wear calico and a sunbonnet to church before I'll tease you for finery again!"

It was not an easy matter to go to dinner and meet Aunt Cordelia, but it must be done.

It was no new thing for that worthy spinster to see Myra in tears when Ernest was away on business, so she only expressed a desire to see "any man alive she'd cry for," and said no more about the little wife's red eyes.

The days passed very, very wearily.

Aunt Cordelia preached only sermons to Myra upon extravagance and various other female weakness, till the poor little woman wished she was as homely and ill looking as her tormentor herself.

"You never see me with such a dress in the house as that," the spinster would say with a complacent glance at her dyed skirts.

"I buy clothes to wear," Myra retorted. "If I had as much money as you, Aunt Cordelia, I'd be ashamed to go about in such dresses."

And the spinster would shake her head and groan audibly, pityingly, "poor, dear Ernest."

"You never see me," was her ever opening address.

And Myra grew to hate the words in the long months of her enforced companionship.

For Ernest did not return.

Spring, summer, autumn passed away, and December was opening, yet still he did not come.

Every month a formal letter reached Myra, inclosing a check for expenses of such liberal value as to prove Ernest was making money; but each one informed her that her husband was just leaving the place from which he wrote and made no mention of his next destination.

Heart-sick, penitent, and oh! so lonely, the little wife spent only what was necessary for the house, and fairly loathed the sight of the money that was accumulating in her hands.

Letter after letter she wrote and destroyed, not knowing where to direct them.

She was growing so pale and worn, so quiet and subdued, that Aunt Cordelia's most hateful speeches went often unanswered.

She was sitting in the drawing room one cold December morning, when Mr. Agnew, Ernest's employer, came in.

"I am sorry to disturb you Mrs. Mather," he said, but I wish to inquire of you if you have heard from Ernest this week."

"Not since the first," she replied.

"He wrote us on the fifth that he would remain in Cumberland until the first of the year, and was to send some papers on the seventh. These have not come and we are embarrassed for want of them. I telegraphed yesterday but have no reply. However, if you have not heard he is ill, he is probably better.

"Ill," she faltered.

"Well, I judged from his last letter that he had not fully recovered from the fever he had, although he had resumed business. If you hear to-day will you be kind enough to send us word?"

"Certainly," Myra managed to gasp in a choking voice, and Mr. Agnew was gone.

"Ill! A fever! Sick at a hotel and she not near! Ernest, her Ernest!"

All the love in the little woman's heart rose to protest. She astonished Aunt Cordelia by dashing into that lady's room crying:

"Take care of the house! I'm going to Cumberland!" and dashed out again as abruptly.

The trunk was packed.

Myra never knew what went into it.

She hugged her heard of money.

Carefully she put it in the bosom of her dress.

She cried and laughed and acted generally like a lunatic.

The afternoon found her in an express train, rushing to Ernest as fast as steam could carry her.

In a wide, pleasant room, Ernest Mather lay upon his bed dangerously ill.

He had been for months trying to quiet his sick, restless heart by over-working his body, keeping such business hours, such cares and labors in his work, that the firm at home never ceased congratulating themselves on their choice of a traveler.

He made money fast, supply Myra with a generous hand, and yet saved considerably.

For what!

Bitterly he thought that when he was a very rich man he would go home and try to make Myra contented.

He tried to fancy that he had ceased to love her; but the unceasing craving of his heart for the sight of her face and the sound of her voice contradicted it.

Work, work, work!

That was the medicine for his mental pain, till the overwrought brain gave way, the overtaxed body succumbed and he lay ill with fever for two weeks.

Up again before his strength was half restored, and now the relapse had prostrated him and he lay suffering, apparently dying, too ill to send for Myra, too ill to give directions, too ill to do any more than lie helpless at the mercy of strangers.

The long night was passing, and the cold-gray dawn announced another wintry day, when a vehicle drove up at the door of the hotel, and in a dim, confused way Ernest heard the bustle of the new arrived travelers.

He was vaguely wondering if any friend would come to him, when the door of his room opened very softy and he heard the waiter say:

"Mr. Mather is here."

A soft little rustle followed, and then two cool hands fell upon his hot forehead, tears and kisses followed, and Myra was sobbing:

"Oh, Ernest, darling! thank God, I have found you! Oh, dear, forgive me!"

He was too sick to talk much, but he made his wife fully understand his business, and then sank off to sleep in the sweet consciousness that love had come to him, a nurse and comforter.

It was a long, tedious illness, but in the years that followed it Ernest and Myra looked back upon it as the beginning of their true happiness.

Doubts and reproachings were swept away in the danger of a separation in the grave, and all Myra's penitence went into such self-sacrificing devotion as snatched her husband from the very jaws of death to her side again.

### Vacation.

The dry goods clerk receives permission to go off into the country for two weeks to rusticate. He receives his fortnight's pay in advance, and is as happy as a butterfly in the bosom of a tulip as he glides out of the city. He generally goes to visit some farmer relative, for then he can have all the fresh milk he wants, and besides won't be obliged to pay any board. The latter is the feature which makes the farm preferable to a fashionable watering place. He never visits the farmer a second time, as he is discovered to be a philosopher of no mean order. He tells the young man that as he has been confined in a close store for a year, all he wants to brace him up is to dig a little, so he takes him out and introduces him to a two-acre lot of potatoes which needs hoeing. Of course he can't decline and offend his host, so he shoulders the hoe and goes to work in a manner which would lead a casual observer to imagine him to be committing murder under special contract. The way he makes the hoe fly around his head and the number of potatoes he chops in half ought to be warning to the agriculturist to call him off. This he would do if he knew the damage that was being done; but he doesn't—he only sees the hoe fly around, and that makes him smile and exclaim:

"Well, now, I swan if he ain't a gosh-blamed lively boy."

After that he is asked to chop some wood and turn a grindstone for an hour or two, the farmer, asserting that these things are extremely healthful in their tendencies, and withal quite the thing for a young man who works in a store all the year.

On the following day he is asked to help fix a stone well, and, being rather slender and light, is selected as the most available person around the place to be lowered down the well to fasten the bucket to the chain.

After he has been in the country for about two days he begins to sigh for the city, and to be back again in a store in charge of a cross-grained employer with yellow hair. He is by that time completely used up, and wonders if he has fallen down stairs or been run over by a lumber wagon. He thinks even a residence of Zuzuland, with fever and ague thrown in, would be sweeter. He feels like asking the farmer to pension him. In an ecstacy of despair he gets his brother to telegraph to him saying there is a death in the family and he must return immediately; and as he departs, the farmer remarks that he doesn't seem to "take on" much, and that he is about the happiest mourner he ever saw in his life.

### The Secret of Success.

A few days since I met a gentleman—the owner of large paper-mills. He took me through the mills, and showed the great vats of pulp, and the great piles of paper ready for the market; and a world of things which I did not comprehend. After seeing all the machinery, and hearing his praises of his men, and how they sent for United States stocks, fifty and a hundred dollars at a time, every time he went to the city, I said:

"Will you please sir, tell me the *secret of your great success?* For you tell me you began life with nothing."

"I don't know as there is any secret about it. When 16 years old I went to S. to work. I was to receive forty dollars a year and my food, no more and no less. My clothing and all my expenses must come out of the forty dollars. I then solemnly promised the Lord that I would give Him *one tenth* of my wages, and also that I would save another tenth for my future capital. This resolution I carried out, and after laying aside one-tenth for the Lord, I had at the end of the year much more than a tenth for myself. I then promised the Lord whether He gave me more or less, I never would give *less* than one-tenth to Him. To this vow I have conscientiously adhered from that day to this; and if there be any secret to my success, I attribute it to this. I feel sure I am far richer on my nine-tenths (though I hope that I don't now limit my charities to one tenth) than if I kept the whole."

"How do you account for it?"

"In two ways: First, I belive God has blessed me, and made my business to prosper; and secondly, I have so learned to be careful and economical that my nine-tenths go far beyond what the whole would. And I believe that any man who will make the trial will find it so.

### Popular Fallacies

Night air and damp weather are held in great horror by multitudes of persons who are sickly or of weak constitutions, consequently, by avoiding the night air, and damp weather, and changeable weather, that is considered too hot or too cold, they are kept within doors much the largest portion of their time, and as a matter of course continue invalids, more and more ripening for the grave every hour; the reason is, they are breathing an impure atmosphere nineteen-twentieths of their whole existence. As nothing can wash us clean but pure water, so nothing can cleanse the blood, nothing can make health-giving blood, but the agency of pure air. So great is the tendency of the blood to become impure in consequence of waste, and useless matter mixing with it as it passes through the body, that it requires a hogshead of air every hour of our lives to unload it of these impurities, but in proportion as the air is vitiated, in such proportion does it infallibly fail to relieve the blood of these impurities, and impure blood is the foundation of all disease. The great fact that those who are out of doors most, summer and winter, day and night, rain or shine, have the best health the world over, does of itself falsify the general impression that night air or any other out door air is unhealthy as compared with indoor air at the same time. Air is the great necessity of life; so much so that if deprived of it for a moment we perish; and so constant is the necessity of the blood for contact with the atmosphere that every drop in the body is exposed to the air through the medium of the lungs every two minutes and a half of our existence.

—Sound moves 743 miles per hour.

### Our Small Boy's First Circus.

It was an event in the early life of our boy Charley, and, as he says, he derived a lesson from it that has been of use to him since—a lesson to the effect of making sure of a landing place before leaping,—he shall tell the story himself:

I was twelve years old when the big circus came to our village, of Conway, N. H., and exhibited on land belonging to Sam Thorn. For many days before its advent the great flaming posters had glared upon the sides of barns, upon fences, and on the walls of our stories, and I was eager to see the sight. But I must earn the money, for my mother had it not to spare. It was during the planting season, and I found odd jobs enough at dropping corn and potatoes, and such like, to enable me to earn he coveted quarter. The day came, clear and bright, and those who have passed the entrancing ordeal, and can remember the feelings of boyhood, will know how the grand entry of the circus, with the band playing, the performers and their horses bedecked in glittering array, and the two elephants grandly hoping along—how it all affected me. It did not seem as though I could wait for the opening hour; but I waited, nevertheless. When dinner had been eaten, and we were ready to set forth, my mother, believing that the men-folks would not bother themselves in looking out for me, gave me particular directions for my conduct.

"Now, Charles," she said, "you will look out for your money; you will see where the people are going in; and do you look sharp and go in with them. Give your money to the man that you see others paying, and be sure you don't make any mistake."

But I didn't get half of her directions. If I had been patient to listen, I might have been spared the grief to which I was destined; for she afterwards declared that she had warned me against that very thing. But I was only a boy, and I suppose I had a boy's lesson to learn.

I got off at length, and ran all the way to the village. I stood in a crowd for an hour, listening to music which I could not see; and at length I saw men pushing towards the entrance to a tent, and I joined in and pushed with them. I saw folks give money to a red-faced man who stood in a passage-way of canvas, and I heard music beyond. I gave him my quarter, and he gave me back twelve cents. I thought I was getting in for half price, and looked around.

Mercy! How my heart sank! I don't know how many spectators were there; but for a show I saw what the man who exhibited called the Five-legged Horse! Then there were two White Negroes, on a platform; and a man grinding a hand organ. And that was all! I had just seen so much, when somebody cried out that the circus was open! and upon that there was a rush for the entrance. I went out, and looked up at the tent I had been into, and then discovered that it was but a small affair—one of the catch-penny side shows always accompanying the big circus. I looked around for our men-folks—men who lived with us—but could not find them. Most likely they had gone in. I asked the man at the entrance if he would let me in for twelve cents. He said I must go and buy a ticket. I found the man who sold tickets, and when I asked him a like question he laughed at me.

And then I went home, crying all the way: and when I had told my mother of my grief she soothed me by declaring that I was the biggest fool she had ever seen, and she would take me over her knee if I did not stop crying.

Well—I got over it in time; and it taught me a valuable lesson. From that day I have never paid money to enter a show, or for any other purpose, without being first assured that I was headed in the right direction.

### Fifty Miles of Sheds.

On the Central Pacific railroad, in the Sierra Nevada mountains, are near fifty miles of snow sheds. They are built with timbers from 12 to 13 inches square, to support a roof of 3 inch planks, laid two or three inches apart, the opening to let in light and let out the smoke of the locomotives. In some places for hundreds of feet they are built upon the sides of perpendicular or sloping rocks, and protect the track from the immense masses of snow and ice that slide down the mountain side from hundreds of feet above. The comparatively small amount of snow that passes through the apertures between the planks of the roof is easily removed by the snow plows and the shovels of the men who are constantly on duty in these sheds. Were it not for these sheds along the grand mountain peaks of the Sierras and the great canons the track of the Pacific railroad would often be covered with snow and ice for miles, at a depth of twenty or thirty feet. But while protecting the railway tracks, these massive sheds hide from view of passengers some of the grandest views of those majestic mountains. A few weeks since, an immense snow slide down the steep declivity above a portion of the sheds crushed in the massive timbers and covered up several workmen. It did considerable damage. A San Francisco writer tells of the way an approaching train dashed into the pile of snow and crushed timbers as follows: Shortly after train No. 6 came dashing into the debris and tore down more sheds, injuring the engineer, George Hamilton. Three other men, who were buried for quite a time, were finally pulled out and found to be slightly injured. The snow plow from Truckee, which reached the wreck soon afterward, took that portion of the train which remained intact back to Ciasco. On Saturday morning, early, five hundred feet more of shed tumbled together and threw more obstacles in the way of delayed trains. At Tamarack nearly a thousand feet of snow sheds succumbed to the heavy weight of the snow which the terrific gale had blown upon them. The storm has been the most destructive one which ever occurred since the opening of the overland route. The passengers who arrived from the scene further stated that they were astounded on seeing the huge masses of snow piled as high as the housetops on either side of the track. The big timbers of the snow sheds snapped like matches when the irresistible avalanches came rolling down the mountain sides and tore down everything in their way. The wind is said to have blown at a terrific rate and has done an immense amount of damage among the timber."

**How in the world can a *floating* debt be paid out of a *sinking* fund?**

### Victoria on her Throne.

When Victoria opened Parliament, she acknowledges the grave meeting of her lieges by scarcely more than a glance of the eye. The head bent slightly, perhaps, but I am not sure. She, too, walks slowly; there is no vulgar hurry about any part of the business. As she rounds the corner of the dais, her face is turned full toward our gallery. It is the business of courtiers to say that the Queen looks always well. For my part, I thought she had grown gray since last I saw her, and that the lines of the temples and about the mouth were ten deeper than ever. It can never have been more than a comely face, and there is nothing, strictly speaking, in its contour, and nothing in the figure, which can be called beautiful or noble. What strikes you, nevertheless, is the air of authority and the air of stern sincerity which sits upon this royal brow and marks the least gesture of the Queen. The sadness of the face is profoundly touching; the dignity with which the burden—the all but intolerable burden of her life—is borne, appeals to your respect. She is here, they say, to mark once more her sympathy with the First Minister of the Crown; and with the party which, under his guidance, has been leading the country so strange a dance these three years past. But politics are forgotten in such a presence; and any criticism one has to offer is put decently aside so long as the woman and Queen is present. When she has seated herself upon the royal robes spread over the throne—which she might have worn, one would think—there is again a pause, almost solemn, and there is time to observe the gown which the majesty of England has on. The Majesty and Beauty of England are face to face, for the Princess sits nearly opposite; and as the Princess is perhaps the best dressed woman in the room, so is the Queen almost the worst. Her gown is of velvet, with broad longitudinal streaks of minver or ermine running down the skirt and horizontal trimmings to match about the body. But you need not stop to look at it, the Koh-i-noor glows in her corsage, and a miniature crown of diamonds shines above the stony head. The Princess Beatrice, in blue velvet, stands by her mother's side, with traces of the womanly attractiveness which belongs to her sister Louise, now reigning over the hearts of our Canadian friends. There was some manœuvering with footstools and arrangement of trains, and the Queen's veil had to be extricated from the netted work of the throne. Then the Queen said "Pray, be seated," and once more came silence.

### The Changing Earth.

The student of history reads of the great sea-fight which King Edward III. fought with the French off Sluys; how in those days the merchant vessels came up to the walls of that flourishing sea-port by every tide; and how a century later, a Portugese fleet conveyed Isabella from Lisbon, and an English fleet brought Margaret of York from the Thames, to marry successive Dukes of Burgundy at the port of Sluys. In our time, if a modern traveler drives twelve miles out of Bruges, across the Dutch frontier, he will find a small agricultural town, surrounded by cornfields and meadows and clumps of trees whence the sea is not in sight from the top of the town-hall steeple. This is Sluys. Once more. We turn to to the great Baie du Mont Saint Michel, between Normandy and Brittany. In Roman authors we read of the vast forest called "Setiacum Nemus," in the centre of which an isolated rock arose, surmounted by a temple of Jupiter, once a college of Druidesses. Now the same rock, with its glorious pile dedicated to St. Michel, is surrounded by the sea at high tides. The story of this transformation is even more striking than that of Sluys, and its adequate narration justly earned for M. Manet the gold medal of the French Geographical Society in 1828. Once again. Let us turn for a moment to the Mediterranean shores of Spain, and the mountains of Murcia. Those rocky heights, whose peaks stand out against the deep blue sky, scarcely support a blade of vegetation. The algarobas and olives at their bases are artificially supplied with soil. It is scarcely credible that these are the same mountains which, according to the forest book of King Alphonso el Sabio, were once clothed to their summits with pines and other forest trees, while soft clouds and mist hung over a rounded, shaggy outline of wood where now the naked rocks make a hard line against the burnished sky. But Arab and Spanish chroniclers alike record the facts, and geographical science explains the cause. There is scarcely a district in the whole range of the civilized world where some equally interesting geographical story has not been recorded, and where the same valuable lessons may not be taught. This is comparative geography.

### Flowers on the Table.

Set flowers on your table—a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower—a rose, a pink, a daisy, and you have something that reminds you of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets that have done it most honor. Flowers on the morning table are especially suited to them. They look like the happy wakening of the creation; they bring the perfume of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the very representative and embodiment of the very smile of your home, the graces of good morrow; proofs that some intellectual beauties are in ourselves or those about us, some Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweetness, or in ourselves some masculine wilderness not unworthy to possess such a companion or unlikely to gain her.

### Hints on Starting a Fire.

Starting a fire is a familiar daily exercise for thousands of thousands throughout the United States at all times; but there are many who do not know the best way. Concentration is the leading feature in this little, but very important domestic duty. 1st, the fuel should be concentrated, that is, put together in a compact heap; and 2d, in a place on the grating where the draft can be concentrated upon it. These two points gained, it is an easy matter to produce a brisk fire. When the kindling, which we have presupposed was dry and in sufficient quantity, is well started, the wood or coal, as the case may be, is so put on that the draft and flame will pass directly through the fuel. In starting a fire, all depends upon having the conditions all right, and great loss of time, and even patience, is incurred if they are not provided.

### Images in Ice.

"Come out here," said the ice-image man, leading the way to his back yard, "and I'll show you some work I am doing now."

The ice-image man's back yard was not larger than the average Philadelphia back yard. It had the conventional brick paving, and upon this paving were strewn various tokens of the image man's calling. First and foremost there was a huge square block of ice, fresh from the ice-house. Next there was a large pile of ice shavings and small crumbs, the immediate result of the latest effort in the way of a large ice globe which at that instant sat on the top of the table, not yet relieved from its base, the image man having been, in fact, engaged upon this piece of work when the ring at his door bell called him away for a moment. Next there was a three-cornered chisel and a large knife, and lastly, there were a number of tubs standing around in the yard, all covered with heavy pieces of canvas.

"Now there," said the image man, pointing out his latest work, "is a globe. That is made to go on this—I'll show you." He went to a barrel and lifted up the image of a crooked-backed individual in his shirt sleeves, and with his arms bent akimbo and his head bowed as if he had the world on his shoulders. It was Atlas, a gentleman not unknown to those versed in mythology. On his back was a smooth place for the globe to rest.

"Now that," said the image man, indicating the globe, "goes on here. We make a hole in the back of the image and leave a little tenant or bolt on the under side of the globe and slip it in, which joins the two firmly together.

The globe had been hollowed out until it was perhaps about one inch in thickness. In the top was a hole large enough for a ten year-old boy to thrust his fist in—any boy who has ever purloined his mother's preserves from a slender-mouthed jar will understand this—and inside there was a capacity for about a half a gallon of raw oysters, the use to which these ice images are mostly applied at banquets, entertainments, weddings, or other festive occasions. After exhibiting this, his latest product in the line of art, the image man, growing more enthusiastic as he saw the interest of his visitor on the increase, went to one of the several tubs, raised a canvas and displayed a wooden cover on which was placed a lot of ice chips to keep that which was beneath cool; then he raised the cover and disclosed the image of an ice swan afloat in a large dish of water. The wings were carved in the most skilful manner, and were almost as thin as glass and nearly as transparent. While the interest was centered on this object the basement door opened and the image man's wife, like the good wife she was, came out to share the admiration which was being lavished on her husband's work.

"'Taint nothing like it would be if the ice was good and clear. Sometimes, when he has good ice, you can't tell his image from glass."

"Yes," said the image man, "this ice—referring to the yet uncut block that stood in the yard—"is not as clear as I have been used to working up. I make up things in many different designs—elephants, camels, diamond dishes and Atlases, as you see here. I have some diamond dishes," said the image man, going down into a tub, "which look very much like glass."

He brought up one of the dishes in question, the sides of which were nicely ornamented by the carving of flowers and vines thereon. "That dish," he said, "isn't as clear as I sometimes make them. Must have crystal ice to do good work in that way."

"I do wish the gentleman could have seen the elephant," said the wife, whose interest in her lord's work had not been diminished by repeated descriptions; it was beautiful. Had a Hindoo sittin' on a saddle, and in this saddle was a hole where the oysters went in. And there was a camel, that elephant and that camel, I do think, were the beautifulest things I ever saw in my life."

Further talk revealed the fact that the image man had a monopoly of the business, and combining it with his vocation as a caterer drove a quite flourishing trade. Outside of the immediate demands for various entertainments, demands that came to him directly from headquarters, he did an extensive business in the image line through the various caterers of the city, who invariably went to him for supplies on great occasions. His designs were in many cases the result of instructions from those ordering the images; they would give him the ideas and he would work them up. Some designs would be popular at this place, while others would be more appropriate in that place. His best work lies in the direction of camels and elephants with Hindoos on their backs. Here he is entirely at home, as he also is in fashioning out mythological characters, in all of which the utilitarian and the ornamental spirit are happily combined. The quadrupedal and the fish designs are usually sold as receptacles for raw oysters; the designs in the way of diamond and Bohemian vases are sometimes used for fruit as well as for oysters. The business of making them during the past year or so has grown in importance. The image man during the fashionable season before the advent of Lent used up on an average 3,500 pounds of ice a week in image making alone. The cost of ice during the winter has been twenty cents a hundred. He sells the images for from $1.50 up to $5 apiece.

### A Swimmer's Peril.

Thomas Coyle, a laborer in Roach's ship yard at Chester, Pa., who will be remembered by the sporting world, as the opponent of Johnson, the English swimmer, in the race on the Delaware, from Chester to Gloucester, August 24, 1875, and for his various swimming exploits, boasted recently that he would enter the river in March and swim a distance of two miles without injury. The feat was set down for the 6th of March, and at half-past five, amid a large crowd of people who had collected at the ship yard to witness it, Coyle entered the water. The course was to be up the Delaware to Chester Creek and thence up stream to the Beal House. Coyle started out evidently in good trim, but before he had been in eighteen minutes signs of exhaustion and cramps indicated that he would not be able to hold out. His condition soon became so alarming that he was picked up and conveyed to the Beal House, where he remained in an insensible and precarious condition for some hours. Coyle is about forty-three years of age.

How much pain the evils have cost us that never happened.

# The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15., 1880.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL
Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.



*ADVERTISING RATES.*

| | 1 week. | 1 mo. | 3 mo. | 6 mo. | 1 year. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 square,... | $1 00 | $2 50 | $3 00 | $4 00 | $7 00 |
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| ½ column,... | 5 00 | 7 50 | 10 00 | 15 00 | 25 00 |
| 1 column,... | 8 00 | 12 00 | 20 00 | 35 00 | 50 00 |

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.
Job Work done on short notice.
WALTER & DEININGER, Publishers.


## Church & Sunday School Directory.

**Evangelical.**
Rev. Samuel Smith will preach next Sunday evening.
Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

**Methodist.**
Sunday School, 1 P. M.,—D. Kimport, supt.

**Reformed.**

**United Brethren.**

**Lutheran.**
*Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.*—
United Sunday School, 9 A. M.—F. D. Luse supt.

## Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 355, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening.
Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
A. O. DEININGER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, N. G

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec., F. HARTER, Prest.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

## Official Directory.

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Mondays of January, April, August and November.

President Judge—Hon. Chas. A. Mayer, Lock Haven.
Additional Law Judge—Hon. John H Orvis, Bellefonte.
Associate Judges—Hons. Samuel Frank, John Diven.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper.
Register of Wills and Clerk of O. C.—W. E Burchfield.
Recorder of Deeds, &c.—William A. Tobias.
District Attorney—David F. Fortney.
Sheriff—John Spangler.
Treasurer—Adam Yeamick.
County Surveyor—Joseph Devling.
Coroner—Dr. Joseph Adams
County Commissioners—Andrew Gregg, George Swab, Jacob Dunkle.
Clerk to County Commissioners—Henry Beck.
Attorney to County Commissioners—G. M. Bower.
Janitor of the Court House—Bartrim Galbraith.
County Auditors—James T Stewart, George R. Williams, Thomas B. Jamison.
Jury Commissioners—John Shannon, David W. Kline.
Superintendent of Public Schools—Prof. Henry Meyer.

**Centre County Democratic Committee for 1880.**

| DISTRICTS. | NAMES. | P. O. ADDRESS. |
|---|---|---|
| Bellefonte, N. W., | Wm. Galbraith, | Bellefonte |
| " S. W., | W C Heinle, | " |
| " W. W., | Wm Harper, | " |
| Milesburg, | Frank E Bible, | Milesburg |
| Unionville, | P J McDonnell, | Unionville |
| Howard, | A J Gardner, | Howard |
| Philipsburg, | C G Herlinger, | Philipsb'g |
| Millheim, | H Reifsnyder, | Millheim |
| Benner, | Uriah Stover, | Bellefonte |
| Boggs, | Jas A McClain, | Milesburg |
| Burnside, | Wm Hepple, | Pine Glen |
| College, | Sam'l Gilliland, | Boalsburg |
| Curtin, | David Delong, | Howard |
| Ferguson, O. P., | Dan Driebelbis, | State Col |
| " N. P., | O M Sheets, | Stormstown |
| Gregg, | L M Rishel, | Spring M's |
| Haines, | George Keister, | Aaronsb'g |
| Halfmoon, | John Ward, | Stormst'n |
| Harris, | Sam'l Ishler, | Boalsburg |
| Howard, | David Tanyer, | Howard |
| Huston, | H G Chronister, | Martha |
| Liberty, | W H Gardner, | Blanchard |
| Marion, | John Hoy, Jr., | Walker |
| Miles, | Sam'l K Faust, | Millheim |
| Patton, | G W Rumberger, | Fillmore |
| Penn, | W F Smith, | Millheim |
| Potter, N. P., | D F Luse, | Centre Hall |
| " S. P., | G W Spangler, | Tusseyv'e |
| Rush, | William Cullen, | Philipsb'g |
| Snow Shoe, | John G Uzzle, | Snow Shoe |
| Spring, | E C Wood, | Bellefonte |
| Taylor, | Samuel Hoover, | Fowler |
| Union, | J S Fredericks, | Fleming |
| Walker, | Samuel Decker, | Zion |
| Worth, | G R Williams, | Pt Matilda |

J. L. SPANGLER, Chairman.
FRANK E. BIBLE, Secretary.

## If Grant Is Nominated Money Will Do It.

If anything can be made plain in American politics, then it has been made plain that Gen. Grant is not the first choice of the mass of the Republican party. The New York *Tribune* preeminently, has established the most important truth; and in doing this it has performed a patriotic service which deserves never to be forgotten.

Mr. Blaine has very many more friends than General Grant. The majority of Republicans in the United States prefer him to Grant for President.

How, then, can Grant be nominated?

The answer is brief and simple but true. He will be nominated by money.

The jobbing interests are in favor of Grant.

Of course some most estimable citizens gave him a qualified and halting support—as, for instance, our highly esteemed contemporary, the *Times*.

Still, as a general proposition, men, many of them already rich, who expect to pile up fortunes under General Grant, are his chief supporters.

Never before was any sum of money ready to be expended in a Presidential election as is now in readiness to promote the election of General Grant.

Shall Moneybags and Imperialism prove sufficient to conquer our love of country?—*N. Y. Sun.*

GEN. HANCOCK weighs 287 pounds avoirdupois, and is therefore a very heavy candidate for President in every respect.

## Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
April 10, 1880.

It has been decided by the Democratic Senators almost beyond the power of change, to let the Kellogg Spofford case alone until the appropriation bill and other matters of more general interest are disposed of. There is a strong feeling in favor of Spofford and against Kellogg, but there is, among a majority of Democratic Senators, a wish to adjourn early. This is produced partly by a conviction that it is best to adjourn before the Democratic Convention meets, and partly a desire to accommodate Representatives who wish to go home to look after their renomination. The former at least, will recommend itself to all Democrats who desire that the people, and not Congress, shall make the Presidential nominations in June next.

The more sensible and cool headed Democrats are satisfied with the record heretofore made on the Army appropriation bill, including the proviso against paying for the use of the troops at the polls, and in favor of allowing radicals to do all the talking on the subject. The facts that leading radicals voted for the bill, with this proviso, at the late extra session, and that attacks by them upon it now will be an impeachment of their own record rather than of the Democratic position, is what will probably induce the Democrats to-day—the final day of the bills consideration—to remain silent. Mr. Garfield and the rest can cross their own legislative paths as often as they please. Democratic oratory cannot make the inconsistency plainer.

Probably no one regrets the recent discreditable quarrels in the House more than the participants. They were all able and industrious men and experienced legislators, and for this reason the scenes of disorder will doubtless have a pronounced effect in preventing future occurrences of this kind.

During the coming week or a part of it the House will discuss the Naval appropriation bill, and probably adopt it substantially as it left the Committee.

Every day adds to the probability of a Republican bolt of formidable proportions if General Grant shall be made the Republican Presidential candidate. Of course General Grant will be nominated, but whether the threatened bolt will surely occur I am unable to say. But I am certain, that in any event, a good Democrat like Hancock, can defeat a third term Republican candidate. A bolt would probably throw the election into the House, when of course the Democratic candidate would be chosen. CARROLL

## The Anti-Third Term Movement.

ST. LOUIS, April 4.—Emory S. Foster, Secretary of the Anti-Third Term Committee, says that assurances of co operation have been received from Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kentucky, Kansas, Illinois, Ohio, Arkansas and New York.

## Grant Nominated by the Methodists.

NEW YORK, March 31.—The New York Conference of the M. E. Church es opened its session to-day in this city, Bishop Isaac W. Wiley presiding. Rev. J. J. Deans preached to the conference on "True Greatness." In touching on the subject of the greatness of men he compared the characters of Sumner, Calhoun and Webster. He said there was another man whose name should be added to that list—the man who lately received attention from the whole of Europe. He alluded, he said, to General Grant, who served the country well for two terms, and the speaker saw no good reason why he should not be elected a third time. Mr. Dean's remarks in reference to Grant were long and loudly applauded.

No class of men in this country enjoy greater respect than do ministers of the Gospel; and this but shows the estimate which the nation places on the Gospel itself. But when ministers forget themselves so far as to prostitute their high offices to such base uses as Mr. Deans did before the New York Conference, they forfeit much of the respect due them as "ambassadors for Christ." Yea more; they simply merit the contempt of every right thinking person.

Is it not singular in Mr. Deans that in scanning the world's history for models of true greatness, he should have passed by in silence the apostles, the church fathers, the reformers, and held up only statesmen, prominent among which he names Grant! In singling out Grant as a prime model of greatnese and in saying that he "served the country well for two terms," Mr. Deans only shows his stupidity and ignorance, and the country will not be one iota wiser for his sermon-speech.

If those who "long and loudly" cheered Mr. Deans, were the members of conference, they should at once resign their several charges and clerical offices, mount the political stump, and endeavor to impress the voters of the United States of their duty to elect Grant for a third term. They are certainly not proper men for ministers of the Gospel.

THE Republican delegates from Connecticut to the national convention stand on the several candidates as follows: Blaine 5, Edmunds 4, Washburne 3, Grant 0.

## New York Politics.

### A Tilden Defeat at Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, N. Y, April 11.—In these assembly district conventions held by the democrats in this city yesterday Tilden was routed, "horse, foot and dragoons." The opposition did not hope to make a clean sweep of the deck, but the result was nothing short of it. The entire delegation to the state convention, to be held in this city on the 20th inst., are opposed to the nomination of Tilden for the presidency. From the First district the delegates are Wm. C. Ruger, Dr. M. H. Blynn and Samuel H. Hopkins; from the Second district, Robert E. Dorchester, George W Hill and A. B Palmer; from the Third district, Marshall R. Dyer, John Grant, and Silas Duell. Every man on the delegation is a sound and tried Democrat. The anti Tilden men are to hang a banner over Salina street next week bearing this legend: "For President, Horatio Seymour."

ANTI TILDEN DELEGATES FROM ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY.

CANTON, N. Y, April 11.—In the St Lawrence county Second assembly district democratic convention here on Friday the following anti Tilden delegates to the state convention were chosen: W. H. Sawyer, H. D. Carpenter and Hiram Bartlett.

OSWGO ANTI TILDEN.

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 11—The democratic caucuses of this city elect solid anti Tilden delegations to the district convention.

## Starting a Seymour Boom.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—An organized effort to start a Seymour boom will be made within a few days. A letter signed by the Hon. Sanford Church, Senator Kernan, and other leading Democrats in different parts of the country will be sent to Mr. Seymour requesting him to become a candidate for the nomination. In addition to this a committee of representative Democrats will visit Utica to urge Mr. Seymour to consent to the use of his name at the Cincinnati Convention. The gentlemen engaged in the Seymour boom believe that the sage of Oneida is the only man who can reconcile the conflicting elements in the Democratic party in New York.

## Protesting Against Grantism.

BUFFALO, April 4.—An Independent Republican Club has been formed here, which bids fair to give the machine considerable trouble. Some of the most influential citizens are members, and energetic young men predominate. They have issued an address protesting against Ring dictation and Grantism

## Opposed to the Third Term.

BOSTON, April 5. A circular signed by the Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, Henry L. Pierce, John D Washburne, Martin Brimmer, William D. Chandbourn and other leading Republicans, has been addressed to the members of the Republican party in Massachusetts, strongly urging that delegates be sent to the forthcoming State Convention at Worcester who are opposed to third term principles.

LAWRENCE, April 5.—The majority of delegates chosen by the Republicans this evening to the State Convention are anti-Grant, and are divided between Blaine, Sherman and Washburne. The district delegates are in doubt, but the Grant men claim a majority.

THE MOST sentimental married man in America lives in one of the Western towns of Otsego county, New York. One cold winter night in 1831 this man, now a rich farmer, was sitting by a bright, warm fire that burned in an old fashioned open fire place. Not unmindful of the spirit of Pope's lines:

There swims no goose so gray but,
soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for a mate,

the hired girl also took a seat by the fire. The master of the house was desperately in love with the hired girl, and when she remarked that the fire was a cheery one he replied that it should burn for her as long as she lived. The two were married and the husband has kept his word. The fire in that old fire place has continued to burn without intermission for forty seven years. The old couple's children are grown, but the eccentric husband says that the fire shall never go out.

THE latest "peace and harmony" proposition appears in the Philadelphia *Time* of yesterday and is as follows: 1. All contests for seats from city and state to be referred to John C. Bullitt, A. H Dill and Henry D Welsh, who shall meet at Harrisburg on the day before the convention, hear all parties, determine according to democratic rules, and the report of a majority to be final. 2. Delegates-at-large to be agreed upon if possible; if not, then to be chosen by the convention as a whole. District delegates to be selected by the delegates from the respective districts. 3. The delegation to vote as unit on all questions in the national convention. 4. To oppose the rescision of the two-thirds rule. 5. The delegation to vote for General Hancock as the candidate of Pennsylvania. 6. A. H. Dill to be chairman of the state committee.—*Patriot*, April 12.

THE New York *Sun* thinks that Kemble, the self-confessed briber, might do a vast amount of good, in his old days, to offset evil he has done in his time, especially in the "division and silence" business, by writing out a full confession of his own crooked political career, and stating what he knows about the Camerons. This would no doubt at once loosen the grip of the Old Winnebago and his son Don, on the Republican party of Pennsylvania.

Let the old political sinner do it, just to see what sort of a book it would be.

NEW YORK state seems to be opposed to the nomination of Mr. Tilden. The Oswego *Palladium* has recently sent circulars to all the Democratic papers outside the big cities, and the result of the answers show that six counties are for Tilden, forty-two opposed to him, and two non-committal. Opinion is strongly against his nomination.

THE New York Democratic state convention will meet at Syracuse on the 20th inst.

JUDGE MAYER is again being mentioned as a candidate for Supreme Judge.

IT is said that Congressman Clymer, of Berks, will not be a candidate for re election. Senator Ementrout and Peter D. Wanner are competitors for the place.

SENATOR DAVIS, now the richest man in West Virginia, was once a railroad brakeman

JUDGE BLACK is said to have no preference for President except General Hancock. We would call that making a good choice.

THE Democrats have carried Keokuk, Iowa, the other Monday, which was the first time in many years.

OHIO, Iowa and West Virginia are now the only states that have their elections in October.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Adam Morr, late of the Borough of Millheim, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same duly authenticated for payment.
12-6t MICHAEL ULRICH, JR.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Rebecca Hess, late of Haines township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN L. KREAMER, Executor.
13-6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Hannah Commiller, late of Haines township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. JARED HARPER, Administrator.
13-6t *Bellefonte, Pa.*

Edwin J. Deshler. J. Jordan Deshler.

DESHLER & SON,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Aaronsburg, Pa.
Calls promptly answered day or night.

DR. D H. MINGLE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Main Street, Millheim, Pa

JOHN H. GRAY,
Fashionable Barber.
Two doors west of Millheim Htel,
MILLHEIM, PA.

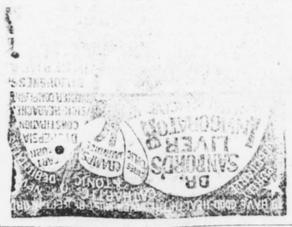

THUNDER,
Lightning, Wind and Rain, you will NEVER HAVE SUCH A CHANCE AGAIN. We have the best large size, improved RUBBER ROLL Clothes Wringer in the World, selling at LESS THAN HALF PRICE. Good references guaranteed. Everybody "fired hot" to get one! No competition; The best chance of your life to MAKE MONEY. Samples, $2.50. Circulars and full particulars free. AGENTS WILLING TO BE CONVINCED. Address, PARAGON WRINGER CO., New Bedford, Mass. 12-3m

PENSIONS
obtained for disabled soldiers, from date of discharge, if application is filed before July 1st, 1880. Pensions increased. Send postage for new laws blanks and instructions. Address, W. C. BERINGER & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Washington, D. C.
Oldest Claim Agency in the United States. 12-2m

PENSIONS procured for Soldiers disabled in U. S. Service from any cause; also, for heirs of deceased soldiers. All pensions date back to day of discharge, and to date of death of the soldier. Pensions increased; Bounty and new Discharges procured. Address with stamp, STODDART & CO., Room No. 8 St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. 12-1m

WANTED.
Immediately, a few Young Men and Ladies to learn Telegraphy, good situations guaranteed, address with stamp. OBERLIN TELEGRAPH CO., 12-1m Oberlin, Ohio.

Send your address on a Postal Card for a sample copy of our beautifully illustrated paper, YOUTH'S HOME LIBRARY, Boston, Mass. 12-1m



CATARRH Is a Terrible Disease. Its fearful effects are corruption running from the throat, weak eyes, deafness, loss of voice, loss of smell, disgusting odors, nasal deformities, and finally consumption. From first to last it is ever aggressive. Ordinary treatments are worse than useless. If neglected while a cure is possible, it may rapidly develop into quick consumption. The most thorough, successful and pleasant treatment is Dr. M. W. CASE'S Popular Remedy—

CARBOLATE OF TAR INHALANTS Satisfaction always guaranteed. Circulars, Consultation, Trial and Advice Free. Dr. M. W. Case, 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

THE HARPETTE! Is a new instrument which meets a want long felt by the public. The delicious music of the Harp is here produced by any one, man, woman or child, even though entirely ignorant of music. The strings are numbered from one to ten, and the music which accompanies the instrument is numbered in like manner, instead of being printed in notes. Everybody appreciates the music of the harp; it is the king of musical instruments, and this is a perfect harp in miniature—the same delicious tones—and should be in every family in the land. Any one who can read this advertisement can play it at once as well as the most accomplished musician. Elegantly finished and an ornament to any room. We also send along with it a large lot of music numbered as explained above. The list includes "Home, sweet Home;" "Last Rose of Summer;" "Sweet Bye and Bye;" "Old Folks at Home;" "Hold the Fort;" and all the favorite melodies of the day. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Every one who purchases endorses them and recommends them to their neighbors. Think of it—no more tedious months of study to master music. Here is a superb musical instrument, all ready for use and requiring no practice to play perfectly. Send at once, and in the HARPETTE you will have a thing of beauty and joy forever. Sent prepaid in a registered package (which ensures absolute safe delivery) on receipt of price, $2.00. Remit by postoffice order or registered letter. Address, KENDALL & CO., 222 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
"An old established concern whose reliability is unquestioned."—N. Y. World. 12-1m

PENSIONS!
New Laws. Thousands entitled. Every soldier even slightly disabled, by wounds, disease, or accident, entitled to pension, dating back to day of discharge. Even the loss of a finger or toe, entitles to pension. Also, all widows and dependent parents, and minors entitled. Time limited. Apply at once. Many pensioners now entitled to increase. Bounty yet due to thousands. Land cases settled. Patents procured for inventors. Fees fixed by law. Send two stamps for new laws, banks and instructions to E. H. GELSON & CO., Pension and Patent Attorneys, Lock Box 725, WASHINGTON, D. C. 14-4

CAPABLE MEN WANTED. To solicit orders for our Nursery stock. Men of integrity, good habits, energy and fair business capacity can easily acquire a knowledge of the business, must give entire attention to the work and be able to go to any part of their own or adjoining counties.
PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT, GOOD PAY AND EXPENSES.
Give age, previous occupation, and references. Address, R. G. CHASE & CO., 10 N. MERRICK ST. PHILADELPHIA. 14-4t

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Deininger & Musser
PROPRIETORS.
The old and popular establishment is prepared to do all work in their line in a style equal to any in Central Pennsylvania, at prices that defy competition.
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DOUBLE SHAKER
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SIMPLE! DURABLE!
IT HAS NO EQUAL
This Mill will take every grain of COCKLE and CHESS out of Seed Wheat; all the SORREL out of Timothy Seed, and all the PLANTAIN SEED out of Clover Seed.
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Send stamp for prices. Agents wanted.
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A Child can Run It.
SO SIMPLE
It Requires No Care.
SO STRONG
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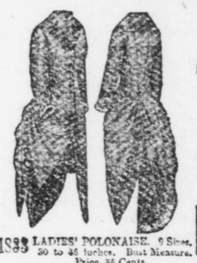
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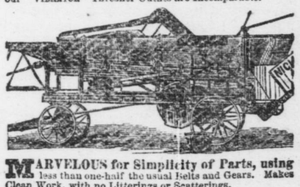
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MANUFACTORY AT WORCESTER, Mass.
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# The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15., 1880.

B. O. DEININGER, - - - EDITOR.

R. A. BUMILLER, - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.


## Local Department.

NOTICE.—*Any of our subscribers who expect to change their residence this Spring will please inform us of the fact.*

—The editor is absent on a short trip. He expects to take in Bellefonte, Lock Haven, Williamsport and Lewisburg.

—Good working suits at Lewin's for $4.75. Candid fact.

—At the regular monthly meeting of the Millheim B. & L. Association on Monday evening money sold at 34¼ per cent. for permanent loan.

—Job work of all kinds done at the JOURNAL Office at prices as cheap as the cheapest.

—Fine family and pocket bibles just received and for sale cheap at the Journal Book Store.

—A full line of school books just received and for sale at the JOURNAL BOOK STORE.

—You can get a fine chevoit suit at Lewin's Branch Store, Bellefonte, Pa., cheaper than any other place in the county.

—A splendid private residence with the good will of a medical practice for sale. For particulars apply at this office. tf.

—A splendid line of Family and Pocket Bibles just received at the Journal Book Store, very cheap. Call and see.

—F. P. Musser is going to have just a little the *stylishest*, prettiest, queerest, quaintest and altogether the handsomest verandah in town. Strasburg ahead.

—Just received at the JOURNAL BOOK STORE, a full line of blank books, ledgers, day-books, blotters, pass-books, memorandas, ets., also a new lot of S. S. reward cards.

—The JOURNAL BOOK STORE sells all the school books recently adopted by the school boards of Millheim Boro', Penn, Haines, Miles and Gregg townships.

—The first organ grinder of the season passed through town last Thursday. Our friend D. H. Rote just happened to be here and went into ecstacies of delight over the music.

—Oh my! but we are glad that we have made garden and that our onions, lettuce, radish, peas, &c. are out. Why there hasn't been a day since fit to do such work. Cold, snow and frost alternate every day since.

LAW OFFICE.—Esquire Eisenhuth has taken possession of Mr. Keen's building next door to the Journal Office, for a Justice office. That brings the law about as close and handy as we could wish.

SALMON TROUT.—Hon. J. P. Gephart procured from the state authorities some 3,000 small salmon trout which were emptied into Elk Creek above Musser & Gephart's saw mill. Don't know anything about the nature and habits of these fish, but hope they are of a kind that will grow and multiply amazingly.

—Louis Doll, the clever fellow and tip-top mechanic, is just the chap you want to see, if you are in need of first class boots, such as are fit for a king to wear. But not only does he make *boots* but, keeps a large stock of shoes, gaiters and slippers. Please give him a call and you will find one of the most fair dealing men you ever met. 2t.

—Our borough auditors had a meeting on Monday to settle the accounts of our borough officers, but much of the work was not ready and another audit is appointed for Friday evening. Gentlemen do your work correctly and legally, and then present your statement to the public in the manner required by law.

—Rev. John Tomlinson, on Friday last, received notice of the death of his brother, Rev. B. W. Tomlinson, of Lockport, N. Y. Pastor Tomlinson left on Friday evening to attend the funeral of his brother which was expected to take place in Bedford county, the home of the Tomlinson family, on Saturday or Sunday.

—The wind and rain storm last Sunday afternoon greatly damaged the brick church of the German Lutheran congregation on West Jones street, Lock Haven. About half of the roof was lifted off, the gable end was blown down and nearly all the stained-glass windows broken. The steeple was left intact, though at one time it was feared that it would be overthrown. The residence of Mr. Samuel Marsh, on the east, was injured by part of the falling roof of the church property. The damage to the church building was between $800 and $900.

—April is positively the meanest cuss of a month in the whole year. He begins on the very first day of his existence by boring people for money, money, money, and the less people are able to satisfy his voracious demands the more unreasonable and inexorable he becomes. And then the weather—Ugh! Hot, cold, rain, hail, snow, frost, dust, and finally a mixture of them all. Just now we have very dry, windy and dusty weather, the most disagreeable combination possible.

—The Lutheran church in Lock Haven was partly unroofed by high winds last week.

—Mr. D. M. Cowher took charge of Joseph K. Moyer's mill in Brush valley, and expects to make business boom again at the good old stand. Mr Cowher is a first class miller and we hope he will be liberally patronized.

—Samuel Snyder bought the old George Snyder homestead, near Woodward, at public sale, last Saturday, for $1208.

—Mr. Jonathan Harter's spring house, on the farm occupied by Jacob Breon, burned to the ground last Saturday afternoon. It is not known how the fire originated, as no fire had been built in the house since Monday.

—Our new council met on Friday evening and made the following appointments: W. K. Alexander, Treasurer, Samuel Otto, Street Commissioner. No committees have as yet been appointed. The council expects to have regular meetings on the first Monday evening each month.

—They have a man in Union county named Howard Miller, who is a preacher, teacher and census supervisor all at the same time. Plenty for one man.

### Public Sale Register.

The Henry Hess property, near Woodward, will be sold at public sale, by the executor, Mr. Samuel Kreamer, on Tuesday, April 27th It is a very desirable home of its kind. See bills.

CALVES.—The subscriber gives notice that he is all the time prepared to pay the highest cash price for calves. He will come and fetch them at any place in Penn or Haines township, if notified.

J. Willis Musser,
tf. Woodward, Pa.

—The grain fields in Union county look well, so says the Lewisburg *Journal*.

—Mr. C. W. Sturgis, father of U. A. Sturgis, our watch-maker and jeweler, after a residence of some twelve years in Lewisburg, now goes back to Lancaster, whence he came and where a splendid situation awaits him. Mr. Sturgis is a gentleman of the first grade and a tailor that is hard to beat.

When in Aaronsburg a few days ago we called to see D. H. Rote's Brown Leghorn fowls, of which Dan had told us considerably, and we confess that we were very much pleased with them. With their gay plumage and lively appearance, they are among the finest of "chickens." From what Dan tells us the Brown Leghorns, are the boss fowls of the day whether for fancy or profit. They mature early; commenced laying when six and a half months old, and have been laying ever since. Some have been known to lay at 3 months old. At six weeks the young ones are perfect chickens, the young cockerels crowing. They are "nonsitters"—laying during the entire season.

Mr. Rote is selling these eggs very cheaply—15 for 50 cents, while other dealers are selling 13 eggs at from $2.50 to $3.00.

—This is the opportune season of the year to clean up and trim up around about the premises. Rubbish and refuse have accumulated all winter about the house and outbuildings and it is absolutely necessary to give the entire establishment an over-hauling preliminary to the coming of the spring foliage. Straighten up and white wash the fences, put the flower beds in order, if you have any—if you have none then make some. They will only cost you a little labor and will give you and your families very much pleasure. Manifest some concern how your home appears *outside*. Make it pleasant and attractive, for yourself and your family. Don't consider every hour spent in the kind of work here indicated as so much time lost—so many hours robbed from your loafing time.

### AARONSBURG CRUMBS.

We are having a general touch of old Winter again. Hope it is his final call.

Rev. John Tomlinson was summoned to his old home, in Bedford county, to attend the funeral of his brother, Rev. B. W. Tomlinson, of Lockport, N. Y. It is only a few years since that another of this family, then a student in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, died. The family is indeed called upon to pass through the waters of affliction.

Prof. W. T. Meyer and Mr. C. E. Ettinger took a trip of a week, visiting Beech Creek, Tyrone, Altoona, and other places, returning in good spirits.

Miss Lulu Duncan, of Spring Mills, has been visiting Miss Maggie Forster.

Glad to say that M. M. Musser is about again. Had rather a serious cold.

Rev. J. B. Akers was to preach in the M. E. Church on Sabbath P. M., but by some misunderstanding the church was not heated and the appointment failed.

The mountains all around us are on fire. Much wood that was cut last winter, and that could not be hauled for want of snow, will no doubt be consumed. X. Y.

GREAT BRITAIN has a population of 31,628,000, and of this great number only some 3,000,000 are voters. *Magna Charta*, and fundamental law in the "mother country" need an overhauling sadly.

THE Iowa delegates to the Democratic National Convention are not instructed, but are strongly for Tilden, according to the Chicago *Tribune*.

—Pantaloons at $1.00 up at the Philadelphia Branch Store.

### SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Dr. Eoright and family, of Ashland, Pa. are here on a visit to friends.

Had a lively run off in town the other morning by Mr. A. Alexander's team. Amos was pitched out of the wagon but fortunately not much hurt.

The boss parsnip was grown by Mr. S. Kennelly. It was two and a half feet long and ten inches in diameter. Good for Sam.

Last Friday night some one entered Duncan & Son's store. Entrance was gained through the cellar. But little was taken.

On Monday morning Mr. W. F. Weaver, of Logans Gap, came to town in a great hurry after a tramp, whom he had lodged the night before, and who left in the morning early, but not before he had exchanged his own old clothes for Mr. Weaver's best suit. [Well, did he catch him? Ed.]

Spring Mills Academy opened with 28 students—a very good beginning, and more are coming.

YONEY.

The Brockerhoff House in Bellefonte is now owned by Mr. W. R. Teller, who is at presnt giving that hotel a thorough over-hauling by changing, renovating and repairing the office, diningroom, bar &c. Mr. Teller is the right man in the right place. Under his proprietorship the guests can't help but feel at home at the Brockerhoff, because he is a firstclass hotelist and a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman. Our readers, who go to Bellefonte, would do well, to stop at the Brockerhoff House,

—Latest style hats at the Philadelphia Branch Store.

### NEWS FROM BRUSH.

Judge Frank is in Bellfonte *on biz*.

Our Select School has opened under favorable circumstances.

Master Eddie Miller broke his arm by falling from a vehicle a few days ago; he is doing very well under Dr. Hillbush's care.

Our *Steamer* has changed hands, Mr. Kemmerly sold it to a Mr. Gramley from Sugar Valley.

Some of our village belles (?) promenade the streets at a very unusual hour in the night. Remember girls your reputation is at stake.

The Rebersburg Union Sabbath School held its annual meeting on Monday evening for the purpose of electing officers to serve one year, and transact some other important business. The officers elected are the following: Pres. C. L. Gramley; Supt., S Gramley; Asst. Supt., A. Leitzell; Secy, L. B. Frank; Lib., Miss Alice M. Smull; Janitor, E Stover. The Treasurers report for the year ending Apr. 1. 1880 seemed to meet the approval of all. The school raised the amount of $56.00 and expended about $30 00 leaving a handsome sum in the Treasury. I doubt whether any other S. S. in our valley can present a more healthy condition financially The attendance for the quarter ending April 1. 1880 was 85 per cent.

QUIS?

## News Miscellaney.

STRICTLY MORAL.—The Punxsutawney Spirit says: An old German who has several fine farms in the vicinity of Stump Creek, leased a portion of them sometime ago to Bradford parties. He has a clause in the lease prohibiting dancing, selling liquor, gambling, or the presence of lewd women on the premises, under penalty of forfeiture.

About twenty five or thirty years ago Gen. Marks was landlord of the hostelry known as "Dissinger's Tavern," on the New Holland turnpike, at Mechanicsburg, Lancaster county At that time the body of a man, recognized as a traveling salesman who had been at the tavern a few days before, was found, much decomposed, in the Conestoga, near New Holland. No clue could be obtained to the murderers. Now Marks, who died on the 4th instant, confesses on his death bed that he and a neighbor named Weidler murdered the man and threw his body in the creek. They had been playing cards, the agent was the winner, and he was murdered on this account. There is considerable excitement in the neighborhood because of Marks' confession.

A genuine earthquake occured on Friday week in Path Valley and in Fulton county The tremor ran in a westerly direction At Richmond furnace the houses trembled so that the window sash shook. Over in Fulton county the people who felt the shock supposed that a terrible explosion had taken place at Richmond.

"Is this my train," asked a traveler at the Kansas Pacific depot of a lounger. "I don't know, but I guess not," was the doubtful reply. "I see its got the name of the railroad company on the side and I expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

A GIRL'S FIGHT WITH A BURGLAR.—Philadelphia, April 5. Miss Ella Duffy, who lives with the family of Mr. Lloyd Wiegand, at 520 North Forty-third street, drove a burglar from the house this morning by pouring a saucepan of scalding water over him. Miss Duffy is 20 years of age and of petite figure. At about 3 A. M. she thought she heard some one getting over the back fence. She raised her window and looked out, but could not distinguish any one. Next she heard glass breaking and soon afterward thought she heard voices on the first floor. She waited nearly an hour, listening intently, and then stole silently down the stairs leading into the kitchen. When she reached the foot of the stairs she pushed the door open, and, to her surprise, there stood a strange man near the gaslight. He wore a mask. With an oath the burglar turned upon her, raised a jimmy which he had in his hand, and struck her on the head. The girl fell to the floor and blood gushed from her nose and ears. As she fell she caught sight of a saucepan on the stove. It was full of boiling water and as the burglar rushed at her again, she jumped to her feet and dashed the contents of the pan into his face. With a yell and many curses he ran out of the back door, and cried to his accomplice who was standing in the yard: "Run, I'm scalded." The girl set up a shout, and as soon as the fellow got out of the kitchen she bolted the door. She also fastened the cellar door, which had been burst open, and then she fainted, and is now in the doctors hands. It is feared that her skull is fractured.

THE WELSH MOUNTAIN THIEVES.—Reading, April 7. Three masked robbers, members of the Welsh mountain gang of thieves, called at the country residence of Isaac Seldomridge, a Dunkard farmer, near New Holland, and gained entrance. The farmer and sister heard the noise below and came down stairs. The robbers drew pistols and demanded silence and obedience.

The elderly lady was bound and one of the robbers held a pistol to her head The farmer was compelled to deliver up all his money, after which the thieves departed but not before they had stripped the house of all the silverware and other articles. As they left they exclaimed "good bye, old fraud! The next time we call to see you have more stuff about you." They secured about one hundred dollars. The thieves are members of the band now terrorizing East Pennsylvania. They wore black masks.

A mother propped up her baby in a chair in a photograph gallery in Columbus, Ohio, to have its picture taken, and then excused herself for a moment. She has not yet returned.

In 1827, in Jessamine County, Ky., were born at the same hour and of the same mother, Martha, Mary, and Margaret Debol. They grew up together, caring for no other society; when they were just verging into womanhood their father died, having first extracted from them a promise never to marry and never to separate until death. They have kept the vow, and now in their fifty third year live in their old home.

### List of Jurors for April Term.

GRAND JURORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Jam Hamilton, Benner | J D Hall, Howard twp |
| William Scholl, Gregg | William Grove, Benner |
| J H Odenkirk, Potter | Louis Doll, Bellefonte |
| Charles Shiffler, Potter | George M Boal, Potter |
| George Kline, College | S M Quigley, Bellef'e |
| H B Twitmire, Walker | John Bing, Unionville |
| Harris Furey, Spring | P W Hering, Liberty |
| D J Moyer, Potter | John Rishel, Potter |
| Philip Meyer, Harris | W W Spangler, Potter |
| E Records, Worth | Joseph Ross, Spring |
| W P Weaver, Spring | Luther d Beck, Walker |
| Samuel Everts, Penn | Wm A Kerr, Potter |

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

| | |
|---|---|
| J E Way, Union | Jon Walker, 3 Res |
| Shuman Lyon, Spring | S S Feck, Walker |
| Jacob Condo, Harris | H G Chronister, Huston |
| James Morrison, Worth | Henry G Royer, Miles |
| R J Kelley, Worth | T Merryman, Taylor |
| Lewis Dunkle, Marlon | O Adams, Philipsburg |
| G W Spangler, Potter | Wm A Key, Snow Shoe |
| Ed Graham, Bellefonte | John Q Miles, Huston |
| F Gowland, Philipsb'g | Wm Earhart, Potter |
| John Leech, Harris | Joseph L Neff, Boggs |
| Daniel Runkle, Gregg | J B Newcomer, Burns'e |
| Al Owens, Philipsburg | E C Campbell, Millheim |
| G H Zeigler, Philipsb'g | Hez Sprowl, Walker |
| Edward Smith, Boggs | A Woodring, Huston |
| C Munson, Philipsburg | El Chambers, Patton |
| D Matters, Half Moon | Ham Sechler, Bellef'te |
| Al Hosterman, Potter | William Swab, Potter |
| John B McCord, Rush | Henry Heverly, Spring |
| Roland C Irvin, Boggs | J B Williams, Worth |
| Curtin Moyer, Rush | Isaac Gray, Patton |
| William Neese, Gregg | Ira C Fisher, Half Moon |
| N Askey Howard twp. | Ephraim Keller, Potter |
| L Metzger, Liberty | Charles Sline, Patton |
| J Rumberger, Patton | F E Bible, Milesburg |

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

| | |
|---|---|
| John W Morris, Taylor | Wilson Russell, H ines |
| John Reese, Benner | T Wilson, Half Moon |
| William Wagner, Boggs | James C Boal, Potter |
| S A Dewy, Bellefonte | A Atherton, Philipsb'g |
| J G Larimer, Spring | Samue. Glenn, College |
| L Steinrock, Rush | J C Bathgate, College |
| B F Emerick, Walker | Samuel Ard, Penn |
| Joseph Gates, Ferguson | wm Eckley, Bellefonte |
| Amos Garbrick, Benner | Isaac Stover, Spring |
| David Bart, Ferguson | Jac Garbrick, Walker |
| Jacob McCool, Gregg | Charles S Beck, Walker |
| W Calderwood, Taylor | W W Beck, Marion |
| A J Dress, Philipsburg | John C Smull, Miles |
| A W Ulrich, Penn | A J Orndorf, Ferguson |
| John Sheffler, Spring | Hen Fishburn, Benner |
| T P Christ, College | J Gilliland, Snow Shoe |
| Geo R Boak, Burnside | S K Emerick, Union |
| S D Erb, Ferguson | Aaron B Hall, Union |

### MARRIED.

On the 4th inst., by Rev. W. M. Landis, Mr. Wm. Auman and Miss Lizzie C. Bierly, both of Tylersville, Clinton Co.

### DIED.

On the 9th inst., near Woodward, Daniel Warntz, aged 66 years.

On the 20th ult., in Haines township, Foster, son of Nathaniel Boop, aged 2 years and 1 day.

On the 4th inst., in Haines township, Infant son of Jacob and Mary J. Musser, aged 8 months and 9 days.

On the 7th inst., at Centre Hall, Dr. P. D. Neff, aged 63 years, 4 months and 15 days.

Dr. Neff was called away in the morning to see Mrs. Baumgardner, a patient, near Centre Hill. He found Mrs. B. in a very critical condition, and sent for Dr. Jacobs, also of Centre Hall, in the afternoon. When Dr. Jacobs entered the sick room he found his friend and colleague sitting in a chair beside his patient—dead! While in the act of pulsing Mrs. Baumgardner, Dr. Neff fell back and in lastly expired.

Dr. Neff had been troubled with heart disease for some time, and this, coupled with the excitement of that hour, by that dying woman's bedside suddenly cut short his days.


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ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

**HEAD-QUARTERS FOR DRY GOODS,**

—AT—

THE BEE HIVE ONE PRICE EXCLUSIVE DRY GOODS STORE

I am offering the *LARGEST, BEST* and *CHEAPEST* stock of Dry Goods in Centre county.

EVERY ONE SAYS THAT IS THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS. GO THEN AND BE CONVINCED.

*—ALL GOODS AT ALL TIMES SOLD AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICES.—*

Having received an immense Stock of Goods before the advance, I am able to sell Cheaper than any other Store in Town.

☞ALL MY GOODS ARE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

HOPING TO RECEIVE AN EARLY CALL, I remain, respectfully, yours,

J. H. BAULAND.

My motto is, "*ONE PRICE—THE VERY LOWEST, AND NO MISREPRESENTATION.*"

**PHILADELPHIA BRANCH CLOTHING HOUSE,**

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

Our Stock is **Immense in Quantity and First Class in Quality.**

Our Prices are **AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.**

Anticipating a very large trade we are selling goods at a very small advance on first cost.

The citizens of Centre county are most cordially invited to

CALL AND SEE.

**SAMUEL LEWIN.**


**Millheim Market.**

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat No. 1 | 1.17 |
| Wheat No. 2 | 1.10 |
| Corn | 45 |
| Rye | 60 |
| Oats White | 30 |
| Oats, Black | 28 |
| Buckwheat | 50 |
| Flour | 7.00 |
| Bran & Shorts, per un | 18.00 |
| Salt, per Brl | 2.00 |
| Plaster, ground | 10.00 |
| Cement, per Bushel | 45 to 50 |
| Barley | 50 |
| Timothyseed | |
| Flaxseed | |
| Cloverseed | 5.00 |
| Butter | 24 |
| Hams | 12 |
| Sides | 6 |
| Veal | |
| Pork | |
| Beef | 10 |
| Eggs | 25 |
| Potatoes | 6 |
| Lard | |
| Tallow | 6 |
| Soap | |
| Dried Apples | |
| Dried Peaches | |
| Dried Cherries | |

COAL MARKET.

| | |
|---|---|
| Egg Coal | $5.60 |
| Stove " | 5.75 |
| Chestnut " | 5.40 |
| Pea " | 3.80 |


NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

**GEPHART & MUSSER**

DEALERS IN

rain, Cloverseed, Flour & Feed, Coal, Plaster & Salt

MILLHEIM, PA

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 38-1y

CENTRE COUNTY FARMERS' HOME,

**THE BUSH HOUSE.**

Prices to Suit the Times.

Improved Stabling and careful Hostlers. Low special rates to Jurymen and Witnesses. Cleanliness, comfort unexcelled

NO DISCRIMINATION.

against the producers, than whom none are more worthy, or more entitled to attention. The Bush House having over three times the capacity of other hotels, there is no occasion or disposition to place the guests in attic rooms. Tals accounts for its growing Local Trade. We do not trust your horses to the care and profit of parties disconnected with the hotel.

J. H MYERS, Proprietor.

54-6 tf.

**THIS PAPER** may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

*ELIAS LOSE,*

Doors, Shutes Sash, Window Frames, and Mouldings, made to order on short notice and in the best possible manner

CARPENTER and Builder.

Yellow Pine Flooring constantly kept on hand. With thanks for past favors he solicits a continuence of the same

*MILLHEIM, PA.*

**TO THE READERS of the JOURNAL.**

I would like to call your attention to my very large stock of

**BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS**

which I am selling CHEAPER than any other house in Clinton or Centre counties. Th

**ELMIRA KIP BOOT**

double Soles and Tap. only

**$2.50.**

This is the best bargain I ever offered. They are selling everywhere for $3.00

Don't forget the place

No. 115, Main Street,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

*Very Repectfuy Yours,*
Jacob Kamp.

**DAV. I. BROWN,**

Manufacturer and Dealer in

**TINWARE, STOVEPIPE AND TRIMMING, SPOUTING & FRUIT CANS.**

Would respectfully inform the public that he keeps on hand or makes to order all kinds of TINWARE, STOVE-PIXTURES, FRUIT CANS, etc.

☞SPOUTING A SPECIALITY.☜

Fruit cans always on hand. Repairing done at short notice. Having some ten years experience in the business he flatters himself that his work is fully equal to any in this section of the country. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. **Shop, next door to Journal Book Store, Millheim, Pa.**

**BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.**

BELLEFONTE, PA

First Class in all respects.

CENTRALLY LOCATED.

Just the place for the business man, the farmer, the mechanic.

☞ *Omnibus to all trains.* ☜

W. R. TELLER, Proprietor.

FOX'S PATENT

**Breech-Loading Shot Gun**

Barrels slide one side. No hinge to get loose.

A Gun to stand the wear and tear, and not get shaky or out of order. Prices, from $50.00 upwards. Send stamp for Circular to

**AMERICAN ARMS CO.**

103 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.


**PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.**

**Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.**

*WINTER TIME TABLE.*

On and after SUNDAY, Nov. 9th, 1879, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL leaves | Philadelphia | 11 55 p. m. |
| " " | Harrisburg | 4 25 a. m. |
| " " | Williamsport | 8 35 a. m. |
| " " | Jersey Shore | 9 05 a. m. |
| " " | Lock Haven | 9 40 a. m. |
| " " | Renovo | 11 00 a. m. |
| " arr. at | Erie | 7 55 p. m. |
| NIAGARA EXP. leaves | Philadelphia | 8 00 a. m. |
| " " | Harrisburg | 11 26 a. m. |
| " arr. at | Williamsport | 2 25 p. m. |
| " " | Lock Haven | 3 50 p. m. |
| FAST LINE leaves | Philadelphia | 11 50 a. m. |
| " " | Harrisburg | 3 35 p. m. |
| " arr. at | Williamsport | 7 25 p. m. |
| " " | Lock Haven | 8 40 p. m. |

EASTWARD.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PACIFIC EXP. leaves | Lock Haven | 7 00 a. m. |
| " " | Jersey Shore | 7 38 a. m. |
| " " | Williamsport | 8 15 a. m. |
| " arr. at | Harrisburg | 12 05 a. m. |
| " " | Philadelphia | 3 40 p. m. |
| DAY EXPRESS leaves | Lock Haven | 12 20 p. m. |
| " " | Williamsport | 12 40 p. m. |
| " arr. at | Harrisburg | 4 10 p. m. |
| " " | Philadelphia | 7 20 p. m. |
| ERIE MAIL leaves | Renovo | 8 40 p. m. |
| " " | Lock Haven | 8 50 p. m. |
| " " | Williamsport | 11 10 p. m. |
| " arr. at | Harrisburg | 2 45 a. m. |
| " " | Philadelphia | 7 00 a. m. |
| FAST LINE leaves | Williamsport | 12 35 a. m. |
| " arr. at | Harrisburg | 3 50 a. m. |
| " " | Philadelphia | 7 40 a. m. |

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with P. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

**L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.**

WESTWARD.

| LEAVE | 1. A. M. | 3. P. M. | 5. P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Montandon | 7 00 | 2 40 | 6 20 |
| Lewisburg Arrive | 7 15 | 2 10 | 6 35 |
| Lewisburg Leave | 7 15 | 2 20 | |
| Fair Ground | 7 20 | 2 30 | |
| Biehl | 7 30 | 2 40 | |
| Vicksburg | 7 35 | 2 48 | |
| Mifflinburg Arrive | 7 50 | 3 05 | |
| Mifflinburg Leave | 7 50 | 3 15 | |
| Millmont | 8 10 | 3 35 | |
| Laurelton | 8 20 | 3 50 | |
| Coburn | 9 30 | | |
| Arrive at Spring Mills | 10 00 | | |

EASTWARD.

| LEAVE | 2. A. M. | 4. A. M. | 6. P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Spring Mills | | 10 20 | |
| Coburn | | 10 46 | |
| Laurelton | | 11 35 | 4 45 |
| Millmont | | 12 00 | 4 20 |
| Mifflinburg Arrive | | 12 20 | 4 40 |
| Mifflinburg Leave | | 12 20 | 4 50 |
| Vicksburg | | 12 45 | 5 05 |
| Biehl | | 12 52 | 5 13 |
| Fair Ground | | 1 02 | 5 23 |
| Lewisburg Arrive | | 1 10 | 5 30 |
| Lewisburg Leave | 6 35 | 1 20 | 5 45 |
| Arr. at Montandon | 6 50 | 1 30 | 6 00 |

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

### Wanted a Postal Card.

Recently a man wearing a doubtful look came to the lamp clerk's window in the post-office for and asked a postal card and facilities for writing. He was a long time getting ready to put his pen to the card, and he only made a stroke or two when he called out:

"How do you spell Jim?"

"Why, J-i-m, of course," answered the clerk.

"Don't look as if it was right," said the man, as he held up the card and scrutinized the word. Sure you havent" made any mistake?"

"That's the way of course," said a bystander. "How else could you spell the name?"

That's so—how could I?" smiled the man. Now his other name is—is—well knock me down if I haven't forgotten! Why, hang it, I have known him for ten years, and now I can't think of his name! Jim—Jim—Jim—J-i-m—yum!"

He lookod round in a helpless way, and one of the crowd said:

"You can write the message and think of the name afterward."

"So I can. I want to tell him his wife is sick a bed, his landlord howlin" round for rent, and that he'd better come home. How do you spell it?"

"I'll writ it," answered the clerk.

"He could'nt read your sliearography," said the stranger. "Jim ain't much on education, and I have to write just as poor as I can, or he can't make out a word. Le s see—do I start off with P. S., orwhat?

"I should say, 'You are wanted to come home at once,' if it was me," suggested a car driver who was after a stamp.

"Twouldn't do," sighed the man. I wouldn't dare spring the thing on him suddenly, or he'd make for Canada. The place to tell him to come home is down here at the bottom."

"Where is he?" some one asked.

"Why, in—in—in—why, blister my ears—why—!"

"I'll bet you've forgot the place!" shouted the car driver.

"J-i-m, Jim—J-i-m, Jim, and he's in-in—J-i-m, Jim!" gasped the man as he looked around with an appeal in his eyes.

The crowd mentioned twenty different places but he shook his head at each one.

"If you can't think of his name, and can't remember his address, how are you going to send the card?" asked the clerk.

"That's so, how am I?" sighed the man. "If you was me you wouldn't send it, would you?"

"I don't think I would."

"Then I won't. If his wife knows his name and the place where he is she better write it."

And he walked away with his hat in his hand, scratching his head and muttering, "J-i-m, Jim, and he's in-blister my ears; I ought to have put that down so that I could remember where he is.,'

### Wedded on Horseback.

Nearly a month ago Mrs. A. E. Watson, of California, a sister of Mrs. Wright, arrived at Buena Vista, Colorado. Mrs. Watson was found of horseback riding, and about a week after her arrival at Buena Vista, while on an equestrian excursion, she met by chance George Rouak, a wealthy stock-grower of the Arkansas Valley, who was also on horseback. It was a genuine case of love at first sight, and just three weeks from the day of their first meeting, the lovers, accompanied by Mrs. Wright as bridemaid and A. J. Scott as groomsman, started for Granite, intending to sit in their saddles and have said the words which should unite them for life. Although the start was made at seven o'clock, the road was so bad that they did not reach Granite until about noon. Just at the edge of the town, while crossing a bridge, Mrs. Wright's horse slipped. She held him up, but while regaining her balance he slipped again and fell, the lady being thrown down an embankment. She was picked up and carried to the nearest house, where it was found that her right arm was broken. The stage for Leadville had arrived, and Mrs. Wright at once determined to take it and come home to her husband, S. D. Wright, who was not with her, as had been reported. But the ceremony had not been performed, and the plucky woman determined that the mishap should not interfere with the programme they had arranged. She was carried to her horse and held upon him, and while the equestrain bridal party gathered around a Judge quickly united Mrs. Watson and Mr. Rouak for life. Mrs. Wright insisted that they should go back to their pleasant home in Buena Vista and enjoy their honey-moon, leaving her to come alone to Leadville. She carried her point, and arrived here at a late hour, nearly frozen and almost crazy with pain. Coming up from Granite she rode outside all the way. On the Malta road the driver of the coach found a house on the way, and endeavoring to turn out and pass by the coach was upset, but a lady and gentleman who were sitting with Mrs. Wright held her in such a way that she was not hurt, although her nerves suffered another terrible shock.

### When Plagued by the Vagaries

Of a disordered liver, the bilious need expect to derive no permanent relief from the use of calomel, blue pill, or the barbarous cathartics now happily losing ground in general and professional estimation. These rasp, convulse and weaken the system, but Hostetter's Stomach Bitters relieve, regulate and invigorate it. Those significant pains in the liver, the saffron hue which its derangement communicates to the skin, the impurity of the blood, constipation, furred condition of the tongue and contamination of the breath which result from biliousness, are entirely, speedily and pleasantly removed by this beneficent alterative, which is likewise a potent remedy for chills and fever, and its best preventive. While the system is regulated and purified, it is also thoroughly invigorated by this superlatively fine medicine, which is of botanic origin, and contains none but salutary ingredients. The medical fraternity highly compend it

## FARM AND GARDEN.

GRAFTING GRAPE VINES.—Those who wish to gratt their vines over with other vines should remember that winter and not spring is the time for it—and in the season the grape is different from most other trees. It is different in this, that in the spring of the year there is such a tremendous pressure upward by the ascending sap that the parts of the scion and stock which to unite must of course touch one another are forced by the sap apart. When the grafts are put in at this season there is little of this. The severed cells granulate and heal, and when the sap is ready to flow upwards strongly it goes up through its regular channels in the graft without any tendency to break out through the junction. How to graft grape vines admits of many various replies. The best is probably that described years ago by Samuel Miller, of Missouri, who was very successful as a grafter of the grape. He drew away the soil from the stock to be grafted, cut it down about two inches from the surface, then cut with a stout sharp knife a long narrow wedge-shaped notch in the stock, and shaped the scion as a wedge to fit in the notch in the stock. The lips of the notch are then tied together and the earth drawn in around the whole, leaving the upper eye of the graft above the ground. We may say that it is very astonishing that grafting is not more generally practised, and especially since the discovery that the great success of the Concord, Clinton and a few other grapes is not owing to any extra hardiness, but to the fact that the power to throw out numerous fibrous roots is greater in these kinds. If this be true, and it seems to be really the case, we may have the choicest and best of grapes by grafting them on these vigorous rooting stocks. For once the French seem to have taken a start ahead of us in this matter. They sent an agent to this county some years ago—a shrewd observing fellow—and he took in the whole situation at once. The result has been that millions on millions of Concord and Clinton cuttings have been sent to France the past five or six years, and in future wines of that country may be brought to a higher grade of perfection than ever before.

### The Happiest Discovery of the Age

Anakesis, an infallible cure for PILES, a scientific combination of poultice, instrument and medicine, endorsed by physicians of all schools, discovered by DR. PILSBEE, a regular physician, and used successfully in thousands of cases. Sufferers who have tried everything else in vain, will find instant relief and permanent cure. It is regarded by medical men as the greatest of modern discoveries, and pronounced infallible. "Anakesis" sent by mail on receipt of Price $1.00 per box. Samples FREE, by P. Neustaedter & Co., Box 3946 New York

MEAT AND NOT FAT.—Butchers in America as well as in England and Scotland evidently see signs of the approach of a radical change in public taste in the matter of the meats wanted for use, fresh on the table. Time was when to suit the public taste, meat of any kind must be fat. Now to offend the public taste one has but to show meat accompanied by a thick border of tallow. One who was for many years a successful butcher in England says the disposition is to reject fat in buying beef or mutton, and we have lately seen in English papers complaints from butchers there of this tendency. They complain that they cannot afford to cut fat bullocks and sell the lean flesh only without asking prices which seem to consumers altogether too high in comparison with the prices paid for the living animals. There has been less complaint about this, perhaps, on this side of the water, but the effect of our financial stress was shown in another way. People stopped buying meat when they found they could no longer afford to pay the price of a prime steak for tallow, worth five or six cents, perhaps, to the butcher, but worth little or nothing to the average household. They wanted meat and not fat for their money. No one can be surprised at the growth of a disposition to reject fat when flesh is wanted. People have learned that in fat there is little or no food suitable to this climate, and to the wants of the majority of meat-eaters. There is little muscle forming food in it, and so it is not an economical food for those who have heavy manual labor to do. For the professional man, and for all confined to sedentary occupations, no one supposes it fit food. It is to be regretted that our forefathers did not discover this before they ruined their digestive organs and bequeathed to later generations dyspepsia and kindred ills. The stomach of even those who work in the open air much of the time are scarcely able to digest the quantities of grease they are often charged with, and even the farmers are beginning to see that fat meat is not always cheap meat. It is true the hired man will eat less fat pork than lean beef, but he will give in return for the fat less labor. If you starve his muscle you cannot reasonably expect his muscle to give you a liberal and profitable return.

HENS IN WINTER.—If eggs are expected during the winter months—and they ought to be—the fowls must be kept warm and well fed. They will not bear crowding, a fact that is too often overlooked. Hens are naturally active creatures, and must have room to run and exercise themselves. The house must be kept clean, and an abundance of fresh air and pure water provided; also a constant supply of oyster shells or bones, broken fine.

FARMERS who spread on a thin coat of twelve or fifteen loads of manure to the acre, and expect to raise a good crop, would be astonished to see the quantities of the best kinds of manure which market gardeners often apply to an acre of land near the cities. What would they say to the application of $600 worth of horse manure to a single acre? Two or three hundred dollars worth of manure per acre is a common thing among market gardeners, and they find their reward in so doing.

THE FINEST MANURE.—The finest manure is made by turning the heap over twice. To do this, begin at each end of the pile, and throw off the manure to a distance of three feet, building up the new heaps, and placing the coarsest manure in the centre. Then proceed until two heaps are made. These will soon heat, and a month or so afterwards the process may be reversed and the two heaps made into one again.

GENERAL DEBILITY.—In this complaint the good effects of the Vegetine are realized immediately after commencing to take it; as debility denotes deficiency of the blood, and Vegetine acts directly upon the blood. There is no remedy that will restore the health from debility like the Vegetine. It is nourishing and strengthening, purifies the blood, regulates the bowels, quiets the nervous system, acts directly upon the secretions, and arouses the whole system to action. It has never failed in this complaint.

## DOMESTIC.

HERE are two formulas for manufacturing that favorite cosmetic, Florida water: (1) Oil of bergamot, 4 ounces; oil of lemon, 6 ounces; oil of lavender, 1 ounce; oil of cloves, 6 drachms (wine measure), alcohol 3½ gallons; water (wine measure), 6 pints. The oils and alcohol must be mixed and allowed to stand a day or two, after which the water should be carefully added. (2) Oil of bergamot, 8 ounces; oil of orange, 4 ounces; oil of cinnamon (true), ¼ ounce; tincture of orris, ½ pint; tincture of Peru balsam, ¼ pint; alcohol, 4 gallons; water, 6 pints. Mix and let it remain quiet for some days, before filtering and boiling.

A CURE FOR COLDS.—Boil two ounces linseed in a quart of water; when boiled strain, add two ounces sugar-candy, half a pint of mo asses, juice of three lemons; mix well, put on the stove, let it come to a boil, then take it off, and as soon as cold bottle it; take a teacupful before going to bed; the hotter you drink it the better it is.

BARLEY WATER.—To a tablespoonful of pearl barley, washed in cold water, add two or three lumps of sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. On these pour one quart of boiling water and let it stand seven or eight hours; strain; never use the barley a second time. Half an ounce of isinglass may be boiled in the water. Increase the sugar if desirable. For fevers or weak stomachs a strengthening drink.

RICE COFFEE. Brown rice as you would the coffee bean, and then either grind or mash in the mortar; take half a cup of the ground rice, and pour about a quart of boiling water over it and let it stand about ten or fifteen minutes; then strain and sweeten with loaf sugar and season with boiled milk. Drink of this freely. This is particularly nice for children.

THERE is but one real cure for baldness—Carboline, a deoderized extract of petroleum, a natural Hair Restorer. As recently improved, Carboline is free from any objection. The best hair dressing known.

A GOOD DRINK FOR THE LUNGS. Wash clean a few pieces of Irish moss; put it in a pitcher, and pour over it two cups of boiling water. Set where it will keep at the boiling point, but not boil, for two hours. Strain, and squeeze into it the juice of one lemon. Sweeten to taste. If the patient cannot take lemon, flavor with vanilla or nutmeg.

BEEFSTEAK.—Have a very small piece of surloin steak, rather thick. When everything is ready on the tray, put the steak over a clear coal fire to broil; cook eight minutes; season with salt; dish on a warm plate, and serve immediately.

PLUM PORRIDGE.—Into one quart of boiling milk stir two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with cold milk; put in a handful of raisins and a little grated nutmeg. Boil twenty minutes. Season with salt, and strain.

CORN TEA.—Brown, and pound in a mortar, one cup of sweet dry corn; pour on this two cups of boiling water, and steep fifteen minutes. This is very light and nutritious, and can be taken when the patient is very weak.

No greater guarentee of the excellence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup could be furnished than that it is recommended by all the leading Druggists.

TO REMOVE STAIN FROM MATTRESSES. Make a thick paste by wetting starch in cold water, spread this over the stain, first placing the mattress in the sun. Rub off in a couple of hours, and if the ticking is no perfectly clean, repeat the process.

A REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA.—Rub with the hand vigorously, until that part of the body seems numb, and the pain will ceases. This process will cure almost any pain, and that frequ t y in an open sore, by rubbing around it.

SURE CURE FOR CORNS.—Crystalized carbolic acid, applied two or three times a day with the cork of the bottle, will remove the pain at once and the corn in a few weeks.

FOR soft corns dip a piece of linen cloth in turpentine and wrap it round the toe on which the corn is situated, night and morning. The relief will be immediate, and, after a few days, the corn will disappear.

MUTTON OR LAMB CHOP.—Mutton or lamb chops are cooked and served the same way as beefsteak, only first trimming off all the fat. If the patient cannot eat them rare, have the steak and chops cut rather thin.

D. G. OWENS, Druggist, Altoona, Pa., writes: "Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup has a wonderful reputation, the demand for it is really astonishing. Mothers will have no other. It is destined to supersede all other Soothing Syrups

TEA leaves, used for keeping down the dust when sweeping carpets, are apt to stain light colors; salt is the best in the winter and new mown hay in the summer.

BUTTERMILK is excellent for cleaning sponges. Steep the sponge in the milk for some hours, then squeze it out and wash it in cold water. Lemon juice is also good.

TO DRIVE AWAY FLEAS.—Pour coal oil upon any animal (hogs and dogs) upon which fleas breed, and all vermin will soon disappear. If vermin are upon cattle, dip the card on coal oil and carry.

VINEGAR WHEY.—Boil one cup of milk, and stir in one tablespoonful of vinegar. If this does not make it whey, stir in a little more; when it curdles, strain.

SOUR-MILK WHEY.—To one cup of boiling sweet milk, add one cup of sour milk, and strain.

### "A Drop of Joy in Every Word"

FLEMINGTON, *Hunterdon Co., N. J.*
Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body limbs and face. I procured your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets, and have taken six bottles, and today I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. Yours truly, JAMES O. BELLIS.

## HUMOROUS.

AT a railroad station two young men enter a car bearing the placard, "Reserved for Ladies Traveling Alone," and taking out their cigars prepare to light them.

"Gentlemen," says an old lady who had already taken her seat; "Gentlemen, you are in the wrong car!"

The two young men smile pleasantly and strike lights.

"You insolent creatures," cries the lady; "I'll make a complaint and have you put out of here," and leaning out of the window she cries to the nearest porter, "I say, porter, here are two men in this car, which is reserved for ladies only, and they are going to smoke."

"I'll make that all right, madam," cries the porter, and lifting the placard "Reserved for Ladies Traveling Alone" from off the car he fastens it to the adjoining one.

"LEAP year gives young ladies a gentleman's privilege in making love." Perhaps it does. But no respectable young man will have anything to do with a young lady who takes a position on the street corner, and not only winks at the gentleman as they pass by, but also squirts tobacco juice on their coattails. Nor would it look well for a dozen or more young ladies to loaf around in front of a church an hour and a half on Sunday nights sparring, and knocking one another's hats off, and dancing a tra-la-la on the sidewalk, in order to kill time until the congregation is dismissed, and then buckle up to a young man and escort him home. Not any.

SOME Harvard students got served right! They fixed a printer so that for a consideration they could obtain copies of the examination questions to be presented to them. The printer being unable to procure the original, made up one from an old catalogue, and received therefor, $300. The way the air around Cambridge was streaked with blue and smelt brimstone on that examination day was a caution. That printer is not to be found in the vicinity. He is hiding.

HE had asked for her photograph. She excused herself with some kind of a story about her negative being lost, and another would have to be secured, etc., when he interrupted her rather warmly with the remark: "What do you suppose I care for your negative, Carrie? It's your affirmative I've been after these six months!" She said nothing, but kind o' turned up the white of her eyes, and he—. Well, it is nobody's business what he did. It is only necessary to say that he started for the tailor's first thing next morning, and she—why, she has done nothing but try on all sorts of things ever since.

COUGHS.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" will allay irritation which induces coughing, giving oftentimes immediate relief in Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness, and Consumptive and Asthmatic Complaints

WILLIAM MCCABE, of Cynthiana, Ky. gave his aged and feeble mother a sound whipping because she had unjustly punished him as a boy thirty years before. He said that as she was getting so old, he might lose the opportunity to get even with her if he deferred the settlement.

"JOE, why were you out so late, last night?" "It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve." "How dare you sit there and say that! I was awake when you came in, and it was three o'clock." "Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

WE protest against the folly of this senseless demand that the money of the land should be kept in circulation. That's just the trouble with it; it circulates too fast. What we are trying to do is to stop a little of it.

"WHEN I was young," said Mrs. Scoldwell to her little girl, "I used to love my dear mamma too well to act as you do." "And did your mamma," replied Bertha quickly, "used to be all the time telling you what she did when she was a girl?"

IF EVERY one of our readers would try Dobbins' Electric Soap, (Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) they would, like us, become firm believers in its wonderful merit. Have your grocer order it

BILL—'Ullo 'arry, it ain't proper to have yer 'ands in yer pockets to day. 'Arry—Oh, ain't it? Well, I've got mine in other people's all the week, so I can afford to have 'em in my own on Sundays.

PARSON (sternly)—How could you come to church to be married to a man in such a state as that? Bride (weeping)—It was not my fault, sir; I never can get him to come when he's sober!

A FELLOW-FEELING! Old lady (to young curate who has obtained preferment, and is about to leave): "We're main sorry to lose you, sir. You've been a old woman yourself, sir!"

THE news reached Denver in the afternoon that gold had been found at Platte Canon, and before nightfall hundreds of prospectors started by train for the place. The valley was covered with claims within two days, and at the end of a week Platte Canon had become a city.

A SMALL boy, boasting of his father's accomplishments, said: "My father can do almost anything; he's a notary public and he's an apothecary, and can mend teeth, and he is a doctor, and can mend wagons and things, and play the fiddle; he's a jackass at all trades."

JEEMS.—"I see, Robin, that the paper says we're to hae anither storm next Monday." Robin—"Man, it's terrible! Since the Yankees hae gotten the weather intae their keepin' we've a storm every ither day."

A GAY rooster came tripping light fantastic toes up to the occupant of a quiet nest and said: "Will you dance, Biddy?" "Excuse me," said the hen, "I am engaged for this set."

WHY does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him hold his jaw.

TWO OR THREE COLDS in succession will often establish the seeds of Consumption in the system, converting what was originally a simple, curable affection, into one generally fatal. While ordinary prudence, therefore, makes it the business of every one to take care of a Cold until it is got rid of, intelligent experience presents a remedy in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis.

PERSONS of sedentary habits, often suffer with Kidney affections. Irritating medicines and overwork are fruitful causes of diseases of the Kidneys. Sufferers from this weakening and dangerous disease would maintain the strength of the digestive organs and improve the quality of the blood by a persistent use of Simmons Liver Regulator' taken three times a day. This will restore the Kidneys to their wonted health and vigor.

"I have been troubled with Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease and bad blood for a long time. I have used about ten bottles of Simmons Liver Regulator, and it has done me more good than all the medicines I ever took. I would not be without it. If you desire you can publish this. Yours truly, "GEO. H. PRATT, U. S. Deputy Collector, Sec. Dis't. Ga."

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IN POWDER FORM.
SOLD FOR
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I have been practising medicine for 25 years and as a remedy for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness, and all diseases of the blood I have never found its equal. I have sold Vegetine for 7 years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier
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Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton Iowa.

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**FALSE AND TRUE.**

**We extract from Dr. Radway's "Treatise on Disease and Its Cure," as follows:**

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**Chronic Skin Diseases, Caries of the Bone, Humors in the Blood, Scrofulous Diseases, Bad or unnatural Habit of Body, Syphilis and Venereal, Fever Sores, Chronic or Old Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Rickets, White Swelling, Scald Head, Uterine Affections, Cankers, Glandular Swellings, Nodes, Wasting and Decay of the Body, Pimples and Blotches Tumors, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Consumption, Gravel and Calculous Deposits, and varieties of the above complaints to which sometimes are given specious names.**

**We assert that there is no known remedy that possesses the curative power over these diseases that RADWAY'S RESOLVENT furnishes. It cures, step by step, surely, from the foundation, and restores the injured parts to their sound condition. The wastes of the body are stopped and healthy blood is supplied to the system, from which new material is formed. This is the first corrective power of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT. In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver, Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.**

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